The New Unity

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TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

I seem to halt; but yet I know
The breath of God is in the sails.
Whether by zephyrs or by gales,
The ships of God must onward go.
E'en when to rest He singeth them,
He to the haven bringeth them.

C. G. Hazard.

THE Doré pictures continue to attract immense throngs in Chicago. Over six thousand people were in attendance last Sunday afternoon. Whatever else may be in dispute concerning these pictures, this fact proves the appetite of the human soul for beauty and the power which art might exert over the human heart.

THIS week we publish in full in our Congress Department the "Humble Appeal" which B. B. Nagarkar of Bombay has sent out to some of his personal friends in America. This cause was alluded to in a recent note. Next week we hope to follow by the printing in full of the "Committee's Appeal," the headquarters of which is in Rockford.

MRS. ORMISTON CHANT was in Chicago last Sunday, and quickened and helped three immense audiences with words of fire concerning the ways of light. Among other high things said was this: "There is no atheism like the atheism of sex. It is a horrible condition when men and women begin to distrust each other." The reader can complete the argument.

ONE of the few stories chosen from thousands, to be advertised in the annual announcement of the *Youth's Companion*, was "A Bootless Quest," which appears on the *Companion's* first page, this week. It was written by Mr. Robert Palfrey Utter, son of Rev. David Utter, the former pastor of the Church of the Messiah; and it is ingenious and amusing enough to deserve the prominence the *Companion* has given it.

MANY people went away Sunday morning from All Souls Church, unable to find a foot of standing room. John Fiske talked of "The Eternal Realities of Religion." In the evening, to another large audience he spoke on "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice." Both of these discourses were masterful re-inforcements to the human soul in its aspirations and its longings. All went away with their feet planted more solidly on the ground, their heads held more heroically in the air.

BEFORE Boston had sullied its fair name by refusing Bishop Arnett at its inns, as alluded to in another paragraph, Chicago had redeemed its reputation. The unholy spasm of social anxiety and society snobbery that for a time kept Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams out of the Woman's Club had subsided. The club has splendidly redeemed its fair name. By wise but slow methods it surely advanced to a rational and intelligent settlement of that question for all times. Legislative obstructions were removed. Constitutional safeguards were secured and when the time came, Mrs. Williams' name was put on the roll of membership without, we believe, opposition or a dissenting vote. We congratulate the Woman's Club of Chicago over the sterling stuff it contains and the splendid victory it has gained. Once more that club is in the lead and men as well as women will be glad to confess its leadership and follow its banner.

AN Ohio court has sentenced a young woman to ten days imprisonment in jail for whispering in church. The sheriff ameliorated the sentence by taking her into his family instead of locking her up. This may seem to some hard judgment, but every preacher at least will agree that the offense was great. But what big jails we would have to have if all the criminals of this kind could be convicted. But, "gentle reader," please do your visiting at some other place. When at a meeting of any kind let the self be merged into the sweet and holy consciousness of a community life and a communion of thought and feeling.

"THE Reform-City-Politics-Through-the-Old-Parties" policy is to have a fair trial in Chicago. The appointment of the committee of one hundred as a municipal reform league previously referred to, has been made and the make-up of the committee is such as to probably adopt this policy rather than the one of independent action from the start, accepting the municipal party alternative, divorcing forever city business interests from national issues. This consummation hoped for by all concerned probably has been postponed again on the theory that "the time has not yet come." The "balance-of-power" method will be fairly tried by conscientious and honorable men, and all good citizens will try with us to suspend judgment although disappointment and failure on this line to some of us seem inevitable.

BRAVO, Brother Crothers! A Boston *Dispatch* tells us that Rev. S. M. Crothers, of Cambridge, refused to address a Unitarian Club on "True Americanism", which was to meet at a Boston hotel which a few days previous had refused admission to Bishop Arnett, of the African Methodist Church. Many of our readers will remember that this bishop was one of the most commanding speakers at the Parliament of Religions. More than once was seen the black bishop of the Methodist Church, honored prelates of the Catholic Church and the dusky representatives of far-off and pagan India walking lovingly arm in arm during that Parliament. But a Boston hotel had no room for this colored man. Mr. Crothers was right when he said that "to discuss 'True Americanism' in such a place would be not only inconsistent but grotesque." The *Dispatch* does not name the hotel. If any of our subscribers to the eastward can furnish us the names of the "three leading hotels" said to excluded the bishop, we would like to publish them in

THE NEW UNITY for the guidance of its readers when they visit Boston.

THE *Christian Leader* of Boston in a recent number is concerned the clamor in some quarters for "variety" and the qualities "to please" and "succeed" in newspapers. The words of our contemporary are a comment not only on the necessity but upon the principles of THE NEW UNITY. Reader, we cannot offer to you *The Outlook* and *The Nation*, *The Dial* and *The Woman's Journal* all in one issue for two dollars a year. We share with you a profound admiration for these papers and their work. Their work does not need duplicating, but there is one string of the many stringed harp of life which it is for us to play upon. Our tone may be a monotone, but is it not a profound tone? Are we not justified in continuing for the sake of that tone? Would you miss it if we ceased? Wanting this element of "success," how are we to succeed without your help? What are you doing? What can you do? Read the following and think over it and think of yourself and think for us.

The plan of making a newspaper on the same theory on which a market is constituted—something for everybody and most for those whose taste is cheapest, has been driven in this country about as far as it will go. Such newspapers have what may be termed the caterer character. They represent no principle, no ideas, no public policy, nothing but "success"; and whether success be achieved by humbugging the public or by serving the public is a matter of indifference. The idea of furnishing something for everybody is legitimate; and the idea of suiting various tastes may be allowed a certain sway. But the public is led by its press, either up or down. It is really entitled to the news; but not to gossip, scandal, and manufactured news. Yet after these latter have been furnished it for a time it is likely to acquire an appetite for them and to feel wronged if they are not furnished. A press that "caters" to an uneducated or a depraved taste: or still worse, a press that creates this, is a blight on civilization.

THERE is no doubt a growing demand in modern life for comfortable preaching. The plea is, "We have enough to worry us during the week. We want something to soothe and rest us on Sunday." People like to hear the inconsistencies of other folks exposed, the sins of far-off centuries denounced, but they do not want the preacher to be "personal." Americans like to hear the aggressiveness of the English government scourged. Liberals like to have the absurdities of orthodox dogmas exposed. Men enjoy a hit upon women's foibles and women promptly respond to an exposure of men's selfishness and indulgence. But Americans suspect it is unpatriotic for the preacher to dwell upon their own limitations. Liberals think their minister unreasonable, himself old fogyish, if he does not "stand by liberal organizations." Men do not want their minister to degenerate into a crank by preaching against tobacco, beer, club sideboards and the peculation and speculation of trade; and women think it too bad when the minister is hard on them because "have they not enough to contend with anyhow?" All of this is suggested by this fragment that is going the rounds of the papers from the "Grand Old Man" of England, the stalwart Gladstone.

One thing I have against the clergy, both of the country and in the town, I think they are not severe enough on their congregations. They do not sufficiently lay upon the souls and consciences of their hearers their moral obligations, and probe their hearts, and bring up their whole lives and actions to the bar of conscience. The class of sermons which I think are most needed are the class which offended Lord Melbourne long ago. Lord Melbourne was seen one day coming from church in the country in a mighty fume. Finding a friend, he exclaimed: "It is too bad! I have always been a supporter of the church, and I have always upheld the clergy. But it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon like that we have had this morning. Why, the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life!" But that is the kind of preaching which I like best; the kind of preaching which men need most; but it is also the kind of which they get the least.

DOUBTLESS many of our readers will be glad to know that at last we have an "International Quarterly Journal" entitled *Terrestrial Magnetism*, and that it remained for the University of Chicago to meet this "long-felt want." For the benefit of our readers who have been suffering for want of this help we will say that we have carefully examined every page of this journal and with the exception of a portion of the advertisement, the business notice and a very few incidental connective sentences in the review department, we have not the slightest conception as to what it is talking about or whither it is tending. It is true that a portion of the magazine is in German, but that makes no difference, the English articles are just as far away both as to text and symbols. We infer from some things we can understand that it has something to do with magnetic storms, sun spots, coronal fields, geographical poles, etc., etc., which require a great amount of algebraic signs and symbols to express. We are encouraged, though, in finding a list of thirty-six associate editors, four of which have a United States address. It is safe to assume that at least these four of our fellow-citizens can read this magazine intelligently. One sentence touches us in a tender spot. It is that in which the editor says that "the primary aim of this journal is to create a broader sympathy between widely separated workers." So in spite of our mountainous ignorance revealed by this magazine, we love it and greet it as a co-laborer, for it too is engaged in the divine task of changing estrangement and loneliness into fellowship and co operation along the lines traveled by the explorers for truth. If we cannot know the magazine we are proud to say that we do know the editor, L. A. Bauer, and to assure our readers that he is a genial "Rufus" with poetry in his eyes, fellowship in his hand, a heart all human and a conscience all alert. We are glad to assure our readers that the man who can edit this magazine which perhaps not two dozen men in America are competent to pass judgment upon, has a wife and baby; that he loves them; that he has found a church in Chicago to which he gives his love and loyalty and that these "terrestrial harmonies" to which he gives his life to study prepare him for the celestial harmonies of character and reverence. We lay this magazine down somehow more reverently than if it were intelligible to us. Perhaps they who reveal our ignorance to us are even greater benefactors than those who remove fragments of the great block. We must not omit to add the information that the edition is "limited." Those who want a copy must subscribe early. Single copies fifty cents; annual subscription two dollars; address University of Chicago Press.

Ninety-three Years of Mortal Contact With Immortal Principles.

Many of our readers will read with tear-dimmed eyes the tributes to and estimates of the venerable Dr. Furness, whose death we noticed in the last number, to be found in the *Christian Register* and otherwheres. Nothing better is likely to appear for some time than Mr. Chadwick's four-column notice in the *Register* of February 6th, which we commend to our readers. We will not try to duplicate these notices and space forbids our reproducing them. We can do better with our space by giving editorial welcome to the following simple heartfelt love testimony which comes to us in a letter from Mrs. Gannett of Rochester. She was born under the ministry of Dr. Furness and grew up under his tuition. With her consent we print her word, all the more welcome because thrown into the informality of a private letter, containing thereby the sweet personalities which might escape in a more formal study. Under date of February 5th, Mrs. Gannett writes:

DEAR MR. JONES:—The reports in the Philadelphia papers about Dr. Furness are not very full. He drove out the day before he died, seemingly as well as usual, but rather tired after the drive, and went to bed early. About eleven in the evening his daughter heard him stirring—went in and found that he had risen, bathed and dressed thinking it was morning. He went back to bed and slept well, but in the morning was easily persuaded to breakfast in bed. Mrs. Wistar saw signs of weakness and sent for the doctor and for Horace Furness. As Horace entered, the dear old man said something about the light; Horace drew down the shade and his father reached out his arms toward him, and so, pillowed on his son's arms, quietly passed away.

Robert Collyer and Joseph May had the service in the church and the people passed up one aisle and out the other—at its close—to see the dear old face once more.

My memories of Dr. Furness go through most of my life, but I was counting up yesterday and realized that that meant he was beginning to be an old man—sixty—when I first recall him.

I listened to his preaching for ten years regularly and while I never could agree with his peculiar position, it was a joy and an inspiration to hear him. His reading of Scripture was a thing never to be forgotten, and certain passages, such as the Beatitudes and the thirteenth of Corinthians always bring back to me the impressive sound of his beautiful voice. I never saw him (and I saw him often) other than genial, sweet and friendly. He was a great lover of children and always had some new child-story to tell, these coming with a peculiar ring in his voice, a mixture of tenderness and laughter which was very lovely. His form of address to us younger ones was apt to be "dear child," and it always gave a thrill of delight.

His home was a perfect treasure house of

interesting and beautiful things—especially his study; this last lined to the ceiling with books save for the deep, wide window bay at one end, where his writing table stood. Pictures of interesting and beautiful people hung from the bookshelves and on the doors and window jambs. A bust of Emerson had its own special corner. As I last saw this room, on his 93d birthday, it was a bower of bloom, flowers from friends in Philadelphia, Boston, Washington and Baltimore making it like a June garden. I remember Mr. Chadwick had sent Dr. Furness a volume of Father Tabb's poems and he was so delighted with one poem, he had to read it to each new comer. His mind seemed not to lose its grasp an atom, though he grew slowly more and more feeble physically. He recognized faces quickly and always had some fitting word of greeting for each one.

I last saw and heard him on the Sunday before Christmas, when he repeated in the Philadelphia church the paper he had read at the National Conference at Washington. You know about that scene—how Stephen Camp tenderly and as a son welcomed the old man to the platform, seated him—on the Bible by the way—fitting enough that!—and by a lift of the hand brought the 2,000 people to their feet in a silent and reverent greeting, and in the same way the people gave their thanks at the close of the paper.

See what a torrent you've brought on yourself. Use it, edit it as you will, I only hope some of it may be of use to you.

Warmest greetings to you all from us all.

Affectionately yours,

M. T. LEWIS GANNETT.

The Dore Gallery.

If the papers are correct the pictures of Gustave Dore, now on exhibition at the Art Institute, are attracting more attention than any pictures that have ever visited the city. Those of us who remember the fascinations of the Verestchagin exhibition and the benignant power of Millet's "Angelus," are loath to believe the literal truth of this statement. But certain it is that these pictures are attracting much attention, and deservedly so, for do they not represent the Dore gallery that was a prominent attraction in London for twenty-one years, the Bond street exhibition having been visited, it is claimed, during these years, by 2,500,000 people? These pictures are startling in many ways. First, in size. They are great broadsides, reaching from floor to ceiling, several of them twenty by thirty feet; one of them, "The Brazen Serpent," lies rolled up for want of any room high enough to exhibit it.

The second striking characteristic of the exhibit, as we have it in Chicago, is its biblical character. Here we have, with startling details, the immense canvasses crowded with figures representing the radiant Christ descending from the praetorium, a picture which was in process of making when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and it had to be rolled away and hurried out of reach of the enemy's bullets. Pontius Pilate, Herod, Judas, high priests, Roman cavalry, the virgin mother, Mary Magdalene, and hundreds of others are all here, with the cross and the descending gloom.

Here is the triumphal entry, twenty feet high and thirty feet wide, with the ass and the palm branches; babies, women, men crowding the balconies, hanging on to pillars, literally blocking the streets, well-nigh paving the pathway; the radiant prince with uplifted hand passes under the stately Roman arch, sustained by magnificent Corinthian pillars. Here is Moses before Pharaoh, another immense canvas: Pharaoh and his stalwart retinue standing in the porch of a magnificent Egyptian palace, looking down with imperial indifference upon the suffering, dying and dead scattered around upon the steps, while Moses, backed by the silent Aaron, pleads the cause of the oppressed. Here is the unhappy wife of Pilate, wandering in her dreams, foreseeing the crosses and crowns of Christianity below, garlands of angels, whole battalions of sharp-winged hosts, radiating around the cross in the sky.

Here is the "Ecce Homo," scarcely a man, with his brilliant scarlet robe, lustrous halo, and here he is again in his ascension glory.

"The Triumph of Christianity Over Paganism" shows another flock of heavenly birds with drawn swords charging the distracted legends of earthly divinities, Christ and the cross above it all. Here is a crusading scene, an innumerable host, moving apparently three columns abreast, following the impossible tall cross, borne in advance by priests and prelates. Another canvas shows "The Battle of Ascalon."

If you tire of the glory, are weary of angels and are blinded by radiance, you may rest yourself at the "Massacre of the Innocents," a canvas 12x17, where babes are hacked and mothers contend with Roman executors in abundant confusion. You can enter the house of Caiaphas, and catch Judas at his bargaining. Heads of Christ, with abundantly bleeding temples, plenty of thorns in the crown, impossible crosses with timber enough in them to make barn trestles, confront you on every hand.

Other pictures there are in this gallery: "The Gaming Table of Baden Baden," one of the largest pictures in the gallery, a picture which had to be retired in London because there were so many portraits of living eminences, male and female. The visitors recognized so many dukes and duchesses in the crowded gambling-room that it made too much trouble.

There is the more lovely "Paolo Francesca Da Rimini" from Dante. Here and there is a bit of landscape which might attract if it had any chance, but everything is overlaid by these aggressive, commanding, obtrusive, and, if the ears may help the eyes express themselves, boisterous, biblical and Christian themes. Shall we say "religious," dare we say "spiritual pictures?" Is there here a profitable appeal to soul, a reliable stay to conscience, a permanent balm to the human heart?

Do we find here a help over hard places, daily strength for daily needs? Waiving all questions of art and its technique, except in so far as they are subservient and settled by this higher question, these questions are questions which will be very differently answered by different persons. They have been differently answered by varying critics

There are those who hold Dore in high esteem as a religious painter and who regard him as one who has placed the Christian world under an immeasurable debt of gratitude for his re-enforcement of Christian thought and Christian motives by his startling and commanding art.

Let us go back of the pictures, behind these palpable facts already in evidence, to some of the easily attainable facts. Further acquaintance with the life of Dore may throw some fresh light upon the works of Dore.

Louis Christove Gustave Paul Dorer was born in Strasburg on Jan. 10, 1833. He died in Paris on Jan. 27, 1885. He was an Alsatian by race, but a Frenchman in sympathies and in enthusiasm, and changed the spelling of his name from "Dorer" to "Dore," to indicate the same.

When a child in the cradle he cried for pencil and paper, and, when nothing else would soothe him at night, the presence of his box of paints and pencils would quiet him. His father, hoping to divert his interest, would make him presents of mechanical playthings, but instead of working them he drew them.

Even his mother could scarcely remember the time when he began to draw caricatures. He wore a scar over one eye to his grave, caused by a stone which a playmate had deliberately imbedded in a snowball to punish him for a cruel caricature.

When about fourteen years of age his parents took him to Paris, where his two brothers were already in the polytechnic school, and where Gustave was determined not to go, for he had resolved on being an artist. Seeing some caricatures in a shop window, he went back to the hotel and made some of his own, and boldly presented them to the proprietor, who as promptly recognized genius, sent for the parents, and the boy's future was settled. He never again left Paris except for journeying. He immediately went to work, never had a master, never seemed to follow a rule. His illustrations brought him money, quick fame and ample opportunity, but he pined for the reputation of the artist, resented the cheaper laurels which his pencil brought him, because they seemed to deny him the laurels which he fain would win with his brush.

It is estimated that he executed in a short life of fifty years thousands of designs, or over three a day for every working day in his normal life between the cradle and the grave. So far as inspiration means unpremeditated and uncalculating power, it belongs emphatically to the work of Dore. He made few sketches from life. He did not stop to make notes with his pencil; he carried them in his mind, in which everything seemed to grow grotesque and extravagant.

He illustrates the Bible with apparently just as much and with the same love and enthusiasm as that which he gave to Rabelais. He has two hundred and thirty full-page illustrations of the Bible, ranging from "The Deluge," whereon a lion and her whelps and a mother and her babe are both trying to find lodgment on the last bit of

rock not yet submerged, to the Ascension of the Christ. In all but the very latest years of his life this man seems to be troubled with more life than he knew what to do with. He is described at the height of his fame, while still young, as follows: "He paints, he lunches, he gossips, he comes and goes, pauses, runs from one picture to another, laughs and plays tricks, and then at a bound goes from jokes to æsthetics—just now Gavroche, and now Camille. He is still very young, but fifteen years have passed since he suddenly won fame." Again we read "that he was not in a hotel twenty-four hours before sketches were scattered throughout the room." He writes to a friend that "he wants twenty quires of paper on which to write his thanks." This is the man who in his fifty years of life never found time, apparently, to be profoundly in love with any woman, certainly was never married, but found time to tenderly love the mother who made his home a heaven.

What of the religiousness of these pictures? Does not the story of the life interpret much of them? The pictures are what we might have expected—extravagant in handling, unreal in temper, oftentimes gross, always materialistic in their atmosphere and representation. These are serious words. Let us speak them deliberately. Extravagant beyond all limits of time and space, his are impossible armies, marshaled in impossible ways against impossible enemies, unreal because forever beset by abnormal light and preternatural presences.

Someone has said that "angels are Dore's trademark" so far as his scriptural and Christian pictures are concerned. This would seem to be literally true. He always has plenty of them to introduce, and they are always of the most insipid and conventional kind; more wings than faces, the maximum of feathers and the minimum of thought.

The most pleasing and most spiritual study as well as the most beautiful picture of this so-called "religious group" is "The Neophyte." Here as a central figure is a young man whose face is radiant from an inner light, something of the nobility of thought upon his brow which we miss almost wholly from the blood-stained, thorn-crowned brow of Jesus. But the spirituality of this figure is emphasized by the grossness of the droning friars on either side, and when this character is taken out and reappears again in "Day Dream," where he is lost in his improvisations while the procession of formal priests is moving down the aisle to his rear, the artist could not even trust this beautiful conception without obtruding the rather bumptious form of a good solid woman in the background, an indignity to the woman and an offense to the picture.

So everywhere there is a distrust of mind, an insult to the imagination of the looker-on, a failure to recognize that the soul is an artist. All men and women know something and it is the province of the higher art to awaken the artist in the soul of the spectator, to arouse the emotions and the imaginations so that they will furnish what is left out, piece out the artist's conception.

Give us a great face, O artist, and we will furnish the nimbus. Give us a suggestion of nobility and we will supply the angels. Give us the human form divine and we will either supply the wings or get along without them. There is something in these pictures that browbeat the soul of the spectator; it overlays the mind, staggers the heart, disgusts faith, outrages the pious sensibilities of the soul.

Whatever we think of Dore's art, it is not religious art. It teaches a very irreligious lesson. It is rhetoric. It it a sensationalism that stirs a momentary emotion at the cost of permanent exaltation. Religiously speaking, Dore was a Talmage of the brush, wanting the serene dignity, moral poise and sustained humanity of the great prophets of the soul. This is not nourishing food. It is exciting condiment.

Away with the feather-winged angels. Give us the light of the sun and nothing more, the somber shadows of the moon, the darkening clouds of earth. Give us man in his plain nobility, woman in her human beauty. These are enough to give us an art that will search out the motive within the act and suggest the glory beyond the deed and prove an inspiration behind the fact.

Dore, with awful versatility, a profane profusion, made grist of everything that came to his market, from the coarseness of Rabelais to the angels of heaven; but he did not catch the full significance of that religion that is not sensational, a thing of the senses; not emotional, a thing of the feelings; nor fanciful, a creation of the imagination; nor intellectual, a thing only of doctrines and systems, but religion for the whole man rounding the whole of life from the cradle to the grave with the normal halo of reverence.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

—*Whittier.*

STARS may be seen from the bottom of a deep well when they cannot be discovered from the top of a mountain. So are many things learned in adversity which the prosperous man dreams not of.—*Spurgeon.*

MRS. ELLEN EMERSON says that she remembers well the day when her father, the Concord philosopher, set out to propose marriage to her stepmother. "The livery man seemed to know," she adds, "that it was a special occasion, and the horse and buggy which he gave father were made garish by a pair of bright yellow reins. Poor father looked so disconcerted. He pleaded gently for something less conspicuous, but the man was obdurate. I can see him now driving off with those glaring reins hanging loosely over the horse's back."

There is a woman of "gentle blood," a baroness, who gave her life for the prisoners of Finland. She lives with the prisoners months at a time, spends from ten to twelve hours a day with them, eats the same food as they do, and finds out what they think—their loves and hates and hopes. Here is an illustration of what is meant by "consecration"—a word now used so frequently, and, it is to be feared, so flippantly.—*The Lutheran World.*

READ the inducements offered on page 800 to old subscribers and for new ones. If you want to help THE NEW UNITY and be benefited thereby yourselves, be sure to read the offers made.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Great Level.

BY MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

Erstwhile as through a country lane I trod
I heard a small voice saying: "I am God."
And glancing down, before me in the pass,
Beheld a hairy worm upon the grass,
Slowly creeping there. Its face it turned
Upward to mine. The thought I might have spurned—
Unthinking—with my foot this tiny thing
Brought tears into my eyes; a sudden sting
Of conscience smote me, and I turned aside,
Remembering how many worms had died
By my own hand in childish days gone by,
Not from my heart came forth a pitying sigh.

And then, again, that voice fell on my ear
In tones subdued and soft though passing clear;
It said: "And I am man and all that grows,
Yea, I am thee; the same life essence flows
Within us all. Thy heart and mine are one.
Bare thou thy bosom in the shining sun;
Lay me upon it." Through my nerves there ran

The flashing ancient arrogance of man—
A quivering shudder of surprise. But low
I bended me and took it up; and so
Beheld it soon contracting its soft rings
Wormwise upon my breast. And there it clings
Even to this day. I dare not fling it thence
And when I look on some and feel a sense
Of being better, higher up than they;
Of finer mind and morals, finer clay—
I feel the worm-form moving and I know
It thus reminds: *There is nor high nor low.*

Home: a Center of Distribution.

BY JUNIATA STAFFORD.

The word "distribution" has by usage become so closely connected with material things and "charity," that it has seemed to me quite worth while to try and bring it back to a wider meaning for practical use in our homes. As a good beginning, I must give Mr. Mangasarian's definition of charity, which is the most comprehensive I have ever met. "Charity is the *administration* of all that we have and *all that we are*, according to *sympathy* and *judgment*."

Every word of this bears opportunity for thoughtful consideration, and puts us and our homes—the "what we are" and the "what we have"—on a high plane for wisest "administration."

The next suggestive point is that there are other than "bread-and-butter" needs in the world, and she who is best equipped mentally and morally can meet more than she who is laden with material wealth only. I am sorry for anyone who has not amongst her friends at least one who is a beautiful demonstration of this truth. Some years ago I spent an afternoon in a conference of people who had gathered to consider the subject, "What have *we* to say to the Hetty Sorrels of the world?" (See George Eliot's "Adam Bede") and when W. C. Gannett came to speak, he began: "Do you remember what Dinah said to Hetty, when she went to her in prison and found this girl who would listen to no one who had attempted to soften or help her? She said, 'Hetty, *I am Dinah*,' and *then* Hetty turned to her and Dinah could do the needed work. It was *what Dinah was* that made her words of value, and half our work with the sinful and sorrowful will be done if we so live that we can say to them, 'I am Dinah.'" This will illustrate what I mean in the most serious part of our "distribution"; and holds good, in a corresponding proportion to the lighter, happier parts.

Theoretically, we all believe that a happy home is the highest attainment a family can reach; and the making of the home we theoretically and practically place in the keeping of the wife, mother or whoever is the womanhead of it. Theoretically, also, we think of "charity work" as outside of the home and an *addition* to home work. I hope to show how a busy woman, one who has no time nor strength to work outside of the home, may "stand in her own place," and yet have the home "a center of distribution" for the very best that can be given.

Almost the first and hardest lesson to learn is "to keep the large things large, and the small things small," especially when we are "in the midst of things" and without proper perspective; and each one can decide this only for herself, with honest conscientiousness. With all due respect to neatness, I cannot help suggesting that dusting and dessert and ruffles (this word is meant to cover *so much!*) and "social duties," are small things that often get very large.

"Charity begins at home" truly; but see that you *do* begin it there, letting it spread as you may. "One cannot do everything"; what will you busy homemakers do, and what not do?

I may not decide details for another; but a few principles, religiously followed, will make details fall into sympathetic line. The first of these is sincerity, for unless a home is sincere, through and through, its value is limited and transient. If there is one manner in the parlor, to the guest or to the family in the presence of the guest; and another manner in the kitchen to the maid, delivery man or one seeking aid, then is the home insincere, and insincerity is sure "to bring forth fruit after its kind."

Cheerfulness—steady cheerfulness—is a factor bearing its own value upon the face of it; and a "habit of cheerfulness" can be acquired just as any other habit is formed.

The spirit of simplicity is one I plead most earnestly for. This does not preclude beauty or ornament, but it does include proportion. Part of our sincerity consists in showing our taste for comfort and beauty in proportion to our means. When I find the bunch of paper flowers in "Old Alice's" shanty, it means the same feeling to me that my wealthy friend expresses in a costly picture. But the *spirit* of simplicity makes our home beautiful whatever its appointments; makes our entertainment entertain; obliterates class and wealth lines, and brings to us truest, choicest souls.

A spirit of helpfulness is the last of the elements needed to make our homes centers of distribution of the highest order; and the helpfulness may be of all kinds to meet all needs, and is defined and limited only by those circumstances that limit our entire daily living.

The degree at which our door stands open, the number of persons to whom we give ourselves and our home, the time, the strength, are all matters of proportion, too, and must be governed by many things that each homemaker alone knows for herself; but open the door as wide as you may.

Given the spirit of sincerity, cheerfulness, simplicity and helpfulness, people *will* come to this center; and, moreover, they will come with those very same elements, so far as in them lies. They will take, each what he needs, and carry it out for wider and wider use, until you at your vital center will never be able to estimate the extent of the distribution. What you will feel will be a returning flood of happiness, a steady growth of sympathy and judgment, and each year you will have more and more of mental and spiritual treasure to distribute, standing in your "own place," your own home center.

Humble Appeal.

"The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."

My Dear Friends:

It is hard for me to realize that one whole year and over has rolled by since I returned to my oriental home from an extensive sojourn in your country. So swift and so silent has been the pace of time! During all this time many of my American friends have written to me quite frequently, whilst several of them have sent to me, from time to time, newspaper and other literature, thereby keeping me in touch with the progress of the liberal religious thought in western countries. One of the great delights of my life, since my return from the New World, has been this inspiring correspondence from the distant west, as it has also been a much cherished and highly valued privilege. It has served to bring back to my mind so many sweet reminiscences and so many pleasant associations of the delightful days and weeks that I had the good fortune to spend in many an hospitable home in almost every part of the United States. It has amply testified to me, if such testimony were needed, that the interest manifested by our occidental friends in the cause of the Brahmo Somaj is as deep as it is genuine. This genuine interest and sympathy evinced by my American friends in my humble work in India emboldens me to approach you with the present appeal. May I hope and trust that it will have your most generous consideration?

You are well acquainted with the general aims and objects of the movement known as the Brahmo Somaj of India—the Church of Universal Theism. They are identical in their scope and character with those of the liberal faith in Europe and America. The fundamental principles of the Brahmo Somaj are the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man." It seeks to propagate here in India the same religious and social ideals as are sought to be promulgated by the Liberal and Independent Churches of America. The teachings of this Church of Indian Theism are in spirit essentially identical with those of the growing liberal Christianity of the New World.

To the propagation of this liberal faith among my own people I have devoted more than the last ten years of my life without receiving any salary for my work, always maintaining myself and my family by teaching and writing, and often spending a portion of my slender income on the work so dear to me. Naturally, the work has not been so vigorous and effective as it would be if it were substantially supported. Unfortunately the movement of the Brahmo Somaj, all along the line, is extremely weak in worldly resources, but nowhere is it more so than in Bombay where I have been working single-handed under every discouraging circumstance. During the last three years I have given up my educational work, wholly devoting my time and energy to the work of propagating the liberal faith of the Brahmo Somaj.

My recent visit to England and America and the intimate acquaintance that it has been my good fortune to make with English and American liberal religious thought during my sojourn in the west, have taught me many new things and given me some new ideas, some of which I hope to work out in the course of the next few years. Nearly the whole of the past year, since my return rom America, I spent in visiting various parts of India with a view to acquaint my countrymen with the advanced and liberal Christia thought of England and America; and now with the beginning of the New Year, I shall be resuming my work in Bombay, re-casting and re-modelling it in the light of my recently acquired knowledge of English and American methods of missionary work. Accordingly, I have resolved upon establishing a "Brahmo Somaj Mission" in Bombay. For the present the work of this mission will consist of Sunday services, occasional week-day services at the houses of members and friends, open-air meetings, and issuing of tracts and leaflets in English and Indian languages. As the center of our mission operations a house in the city has already been rented and the Sunday services have been begun therein from the current month. A part of this house will be used as my residence. From January next will be issued a small monthly periodical under the title of "Harmony" in English to which I hope you will occasionally contribute.

All these missionary operations cannot be carried on without an adequate financial support, which, I have to confess with painful humiliation, I am unable to get from my own countrymen. I have already said that the Brahmo Somaj, financially speaking, is very poor; so that even the friends and fellow-believers in Calcutta, where our movement is much stronger than elsewhere, are not able to help the societies in the provinces. Consequently the aid that I can get from my friends in India will be quite inadequate for the needs of the occasion; and, therefore, I have taken the liberty of addressing this to my personal friends and the friends of liberal religious thought in America.

When I was in America there was a spontaneous desire expressed by several of my friends there to help my work in Bombay; but at that time for several reasons, the chief among them being the financial depression which was then prevalent throughout the United States, I did not think it advisable to make any appeal for pecuniary aid. It is with the highest gratification that I state that the desire of those friends continues undiminished, and not a few of them have written to me to that effect since my return. And now having started this new "mission" I find that there is great need for funds. Under such circumstances, to whom shall I look up for practical help and assistance if not to my American friends by whom I was so kindly and generously entertained, with whom I have most intimate relations, and of whom I retain such grateful memories? May I, therefore, hope that my personal friends and sympathisers, as also the friends of Liberal Religion in America will generously subscribe towards raising funds to support my work in Bombay?

I am deeply indebted to Dr. Thomas Kerr, minister and pastor of the Christian Union Church, Rockford (Ill.), to Mr. A. S. Ruhl, and to several other friends at Rockford who have taken more than a personal interest in my aims and aspirations and at whose earnest suggestion I have ventured to send out this appeal for help. These friends have also kindly volunteered to act as the "Central Committee" and in such other manner as may be deemed desirable. Mr. A. S. Ruhl (831 North Main St., Rockford, Ill.), who has so generously and disinterestedly offered to devote his most precious time and energy to carry on the necessary correspondence with the contributors, will soon communicate to you all the business arrangements that may be made by the committee at Rockford. He will be glad to receive such monies as may be sent by subscribers for due remittance to me. Finally I have urgently

to request you not to rest satisfied with having sent your own subscription but also to get your liberally inclined friends to help the cause.

The proposed monthly periodical "Harmony" will contain regular reports of my doings in India, and through its medium the helpers in America will be duly kept informed of the mission work accomplished in Bombay. I devoutly hope and pray that some day, not very distant from this, Providence may enable me to re-visit America with a view personally to report to my friends there the good work that their kindness and generosity will have aided to grow and develop.

May God actuate every friend and sympathiser to assist the cause of Liberal Religion and subscribe generously towards raising funds for its propagation. Yours very fraternally, B. B. NAGARKAR, Bombay, India,
BRAHMO SOMAJ MISSION, Girgaum.
Dec. 12, 1895.

Huxley's Social Convictions.

It is a part of the dignity of man that he is a social being and can act not merely for individual, but for common ends. The grandeur of the virtue for which Huxley contended is that it is the law of a social commonwealth, as contrasted with the instincts that lead one simply to care for himself. Society, he held, came into being when mutual war gave way to mutual peace—and it "most nearly approaches perfection as the war of individual against individual is most strictly limited." The "eternal competition of man with man and of nation with nation," did not please him. He put his hand on the weak spot in the laborer's situation when he said that it is the competition of laborers with one another that makes the capitalist's strength.

Huxley led to what might be called a reasonable individualism—*i. e.*, the view that it is better to leave men as free as possible, so long as their action is not incompatible with social welfare. But what he termed "fanatical individualism," which questions whether society may constrain one of its number to contribute his share toward maintaining it or even whether it may prevent him from doing his best to destroy it, found in him a keen opponent; he called it "reasoned savagery."

Huxley believed in public education. In speaking of the vigorous efforts of Karl the Great to introduce a scheme of elementary education throughout his realm, he dryly remarked that the king "did not suspect that the best way of getting disorder into order was to let it alone." As a member of the London School Board, he gave it as his opinion that it was the business of the board to provide a ladder, reaching from the gutter to the university, along which every child "in the three kingdoms" should have the chance to climb as far as he could go. "I weigh my words well," he once protested, in speaking of the cost of giving prolonged training to exceptional men, "when I say that if the nation could purchase a potential Watt, or Davy, or Faraday, at a cost of a hundred thousand pounds each, he would be dirt-cheap at the money."

As to what is called the "social problem" he felt deeply. He thought there were some to whom society assured quite too much and others to whom it assured quite too little. He had something rather sharp to say of those artificial arrangements by which fools and knaves are sometimes kept at the top of society, instead of sinking to their natural place at the bottom. He suggested that there should be machinery for facilitating the descent of incapacity, as well as for enabling capacity to rise. He doubted which was the greater evil, the increase of the unemployed poor or of the unemployed rich. He once described the state which the French call *la misere*, in a passage too long for us to quote, but showing how distinctly and in what detail the problem of poverty was felt by him. He laid no claim to being a philanthropist and had a horror of sentimental rhetoric, but he said it was the mere plain truth that throughout industrial Europe there was not a single large manufacturing city free from a vast mass of people in the condition of *la misere*, and from a still greater mass, who, living just on the edge of the social swamp, were liable to be precipitated into it by any lack of demand for their produce.

A part of this poverty and degradation Huxley thought beyond control, but a still larger part he believed to be the result of individual ignorance or misconduct, or of faulty social arrangements. He thought society might act in various ways for the good of its members—*e. g.*, by providing proper drainage in crowded cities, by establishing libraries, schools and gymnasia, by factory legislation, by regulating not only the production but the distribution of wealth—as it already does in a measure by its laws of inheritance, though it might do much better in this particular. He dissented from Mr. Henry George's views, taking needless offence, as it seems to us, at some of the questionable armor which Mr. George uses, and failing to do justice to Mr. George's essential ideas. But Huxley's general social philosophy is eminently sound and immensely liberating to the mind. All so-called "rights" and all social institutions are dependent for their validity upon their consistency with, and subserviency to, the public good. The reformer wants no better charter.

Huxley was no optimist, and yet he saw no limit to the extent to which "intelligence and will, guarded by sound principles of investigation, and organized in common effort, may modify the conditions of existence for a period longer than that covered by history." With due regulation of its numbers and due ordering of its industrial life, Huxley thought that a society might even now eliminate poverty and want (save such as arose from moral delinquencies or unavoidable calamities). Whether any society would actually rise to this height, remained, of course, to be seen. Huxley was only sure that if some advance was not made in this direction, it was an open question whether the life of the race was worth preserving. If there was no hope of a large improvement of the condition of the greater part of the human family, he declared he should welcome the advent of some kindly comet that would sweep the whole affair away. To such a height did Huxley's social idealism rise. If the race could not live worthily, he held it better that it should not live at all.—From *The Cause*, edited by Mr. Salter.

Some Unique Manuscripts.

At the anniversary meeting, held recently in London, of the Society of Biblical Archæology, the Rev. Dr. Gaster read a paper on "Some Unique Illuminated Manuscripts of the Bible of the 9th or 10th Century." He said that there was an ancient tradition, recorded by Josephus and Philo, to the effect that there existed a copy of the scroll of the law written in gold. This was remarkable in the face of the extreme severity of the Jewish law against all kinds of embellishments of the sacred texts. No adornment and no gold writing were permitted. The reasons for this prohibition are obvious. First, the practice of such ornamentation would lead to a profane handling of what was most sacred, and secondly, the great value of such embellished manuscripts would be an inducement to theft. On this account no other ink was permissible except the plain vegetable black ink. The existence of an Alexandrian Scroll is mentioned in Soferim, perhaps the same as that referred to by Josephus and Philo, in which the names of God are written in gold. But this, if it did exist, was not used for public service. The manuscripts of the Bible in this way differed from those of Byzantine art, and from the common mediæval illuminated MSS. It is probable, however, that the same rigorous laws, regulating the mode of writing the Pentateuch, were not enforced against the rest of the books of the Bible, against what may be called the vulgar or profane texts. There were two distinct classes of texts and the care of them was different. The one was the simple and bare text without the addition of any accent, or pause, or division. It was written only on scrolls. The second kind of text was accompanied by vowels, diacritical points, accents, pauses and everything that was necessary for the elucidation of the text. These latter were not confined to scrolls, but were also written on separate leaves or pages. Some of the profane texts of the Bible were interlaced with an ornamentation of flowers and embroidered with black borders.

While the Hebrew Bible was so rarely illuminated, the prayer-books, on the other hand, were most profuse in that respect. Among the latter class, the most richly illuminated is the Book of Tobit, where the ornamentations are of rare and beautiful workmanship. The Hagadah of the Passover comes next. The pictorial representations of this book all seem to be the reproduction of but one original series of woodcuts. Then comes the Book of Esther with its embroidered borders. All these, however, are comparatively modern and of European origin. Of really ancient literature little has come down to us. The reason is that as soon as the scrolls of the law became too old and unfit for use, they were buried. All the manuscripts that have come down to us are those of profane texts, and all may be called modern codices. The codices which date furthest back are written in a series of three columns; some of them in one column. There are none, however, that are written in two. Therefore, the ancient codex of the fragment of the Pentateuch, that now exists, and which is written in two columns, cannot be dated earlier than the 9th or 10th century. All the ancient Greek MSS. are written in the same way, either in one or in three columns. The same is true of the Samaritan MSS.

The lecturer then gave an account of his codex 150, of the Bible. The writing is identical with that of the codex 830 which is now in the British museum. It is written in three columns, with a considerable space between each column. All the letters in that codex are extremely characteristic of their age, and it is by means of them that it is possible to determine approximately the date of the manuscript. It is noteworthy that the ה and ח in this codex are not distinguished. This fact serves to prove that the Greek *πιπι* Pipi, was merely a mistaken transliteration of the Hebrew Tetragrammaton. In most ancient forms there is not a single instance of lengthened letters. These extended letters are, however, very common in modern MSS. The reason for this is that modern scribes, almost invariably, adhere to a certain fixed order of writing; certain words must be at the head of columns. They therefore extend the final letters to a considerable

en th in order to fill up the lines. They are not allowed to write a part of the word on one line, and the other part on the following. In the other codices, dots were used in order to fill up the lines, and in some instances, one or two letters of the word were written at the end of one line, and at the beginning of the next the whole word was repeated. This gave rise to the many additional and superfluous letters in the text, and even led to the repetition of words, especially when they were of few letters. On this account, later texts merely lengthened the final letters. This is a most important criticism in determining the age in which a particular MS. was written.

In the codex under consideration, a short and scanty Massorah accompanied the text. There was the Massorah marginalis running along the top and bottom of the columns, and the Massorah parva between the columns. Each page is inclosed by an embroidered border of five colored lines. It is, in addition, profusely illustrated with golden rosettes, many of which are of extremely elaborate and artistic workmanship. The type of this MS. is deceptive with regard to its age. The illuminations are either more ancient or contemporary with the text, but not later. The pattern of the writing is not Palestinian. If we look to Persia we find that the oldest manuscripts here, none of which is older than the 12th century, are of the same style. Therefore the codex in question must have been written in Persia, and is not earlier than the 9th or 10th century. Judging from the extreme beauty and excellence of this MS., it must have been written for the behoof of a noble, a true Maecenas. Few of them, however, were to be found in Palestine. It was in Persia where most of the Jewish nobility lived. This MS. was, therefore, most probably written for the Prince of the Exile, and it may be an identical one that was handled by him. The MS. comes from Central Asia. Another MS. for consideration was a codex of fragments of the Hagiographa, consisting of twenty four leaves. The writing is identical with that of the previous MS., while the parchment is much finer. The illuminations are most exceptional. It contains a portion of the Book of Psalms written in the form of hemistiches, with the title of the Psalm on the top. It represents the tradition of Ben Ascher and not of Ben Naphtali. Between the half lines it is illuminated by most beautiful blue, red and gold leaves and flowers. It is accompanied by Massoretic notes and contains also a leaf of the Book of Proverbs, a leaf of the commencement of Ruth, a fragment of Koheleth and a fragment of Esther.

Child Study.

No doubt, child-study will one day reach some generalizations never before discovered, but *the present function of child-study is to test theories and methods already known and accepted by all thoughtful educators.* To illustrate: Probably the educator who would today advocate the mere memorizing of words as a staple product of teaching, does not exist. From Socrates down, they have denounced the weakness of this process, which Dr. Dewey calls "mine disintegration." We have, on the one hand, a strong, well-founded and ancient theory, a theory to which all agree, a theory so often pressed and urged upon teachers that words in this direction seem like mere platitudes; and, still, *the awful fact is more than evident, that the greater part of all the education in America consists in the learning of words as words.* Examinations, promotions, the constant demand of supervisors, the character of pupils who pass through high school, college and university, abundantly prove this fact—that word learning is made the end and aim of most teaching. For the mere learning of words, this country is now paying millions upon millions of dollars annually; it is taking the time of earnest, honest teachers. The memorizing of empty words is the educational standard of a great majority of parents, and, indeed, of the people generally. If a teacher attempts to overcome this potential evil, he will be made the shining mark for endless criticism. It is a common experience that teachers who leave the beaten, time-worn track, do so at the risk of their official lives. It is plain to see that all the child-study in the world, all the investigations in the region of psychology and pedagogics that may be made, will avail nothing until this tremendous barrier to educational progress is broken down.

* * *

What is the effect of at least three-fourths of all the teaching in the line of mere word memorizing? What is found to be the result of such drudgery upon the mind and soul? Is the assertion of Dr. John Dewey, that mere word learning is mind disintegration, true? If true, why? Can our friends, the child-study students, give us a decided answer? Is their any possible benefit to be derived from an examination which does not tax the judgment? Why does so much of our teaching fail to reach the object? No matter how trite the questions are, no matter if such discussions seem like educational platitudes, they must be asked and can be answered. If three-fourths of the money spent for educational purposes is squandered, it is time that glittering generalities and fine-spun theories be abandoned, and the main question met squarely and honestly. Were it only a question of money, it would not be so serious, but when we have arrived at the conclusion that it means arrested development and stutlified growth, it is high time to appeal to an enlightened educational conscience.

It is time that a second question of no less importance were answered. Dr. Donaldson, an eminent authority in neurology, makes the statement that nerve centers develop by groups, the last to develop being those of the extremities. Dr. Hall, the father of child-study in America, has made the same discovery. In kindergarten and school, millions of little ones still continue the use of their fingers in fine work, in drawing and writing. If Dr. Hall and Dr. Donaldson are right, then these little ones are crippled in body and mind, by the unthinking demands of superintendents and teachers. How long will it take this fact to reach the doors of the schoolroom? No teacher who is not blinded by traditional custom can fail to see the overstrain on the part of children, for instance, in finger slate-writing, and its resulting deformity of the whole body. Teachers do these things in blind conformity to the unreasoning belief that *they must be done.* In this spirit, they, "having eyes, see not" the awful danger of this unnatural process. The highest authorities and all of them, should pile the evidence so as to drive teachers to a compliance with natural laws.

* * *

The greatest obstruction today in the educational progress is the profound ignorance, and therefore indifference, to real education on the part of parents and the public generally. Many a mother who would die for her child will not and cannot be made to think earnestly of the child's nature, to study the child, and use all possible means at hand for that study. Not long ago an intelligent mother said, when invited to a child-study round table: "I know as much about my children as anybody; I do not need child-study to help me." This statement is simply the echo of a general one. Through the education of the past, most parents have a fixed standard. Health and morality rarely come into this standard; it consists of the acquisition of knowledge, promotion, successful examination, show-off, high school, college and university. It matters little what happens to the child's health or morals; he must reach the goal of knowledge.

The child-study round table instituted by our society is doing a much-needed work in this direction. Parents have begun to study their children; they have begun to take a deeper interest in the work of the schoolroom. Such study will lead to a strong alliance between the home and the school. The day will no doubt come when the parents and the teacher will have one common standard of education, and that is the highest good of the child, found in the highest good of the community.

With many a blunder and foolish notion, we shall, day by day, reach something higher and better for the children. We shall do it because teachers are earnest and honest in their work. We shall do it because civilization demands a better education, because the way, the truth and the life of the world depends upon it; the problem of humanity is to be fundamentally worked out in the schoolroom. When we acquire great and ever greater faith in humanity; when we recognize the value and dignity of the individual; when we realize that our march is along the infinite line of possibilities, we, the teachers of America, will be willing to lay down our lives, willing to give up all hope of fame and fortune, to sink ourselves into the study whose application is to save the world—that of the child.—F. W. Parker in "Transactions of The Illinois Society for Child-Study."

To the Press and People:

A great political campaign is about to be inaugurated which will absorb the attention of the whole people till near the close of the year.

But an issue of larger importance, vastly more momentous, both for the near and the remote future, than those involved in any presidential campaign, is before us. Shall the English-speaking people of the world be friends or enemies? Shall there be constant possibility and menace of destructive war, or shall there be assured and established peace, with honor and justice?

The suddenness with which the possibility of hostilities broke upon the people of the United States and Great Britain, wholly unexpected, profoundly disturbing, fraught with peril to the enlightened character of both nations, to civilization, prosperity, and human life, is sufficient reason why the people of both countries should employ their strength, not in preparations to destroy each other, but in assuring peace between the two nations upon eternal and immovable foundations.

On the twenty-second of this February, the people of the United States will celebrate the birth of George Washington. Let the people make that day even more glorious by inaugurating a movement for cementing all the English-speaking people of the world in peace and fraternal unity.

We therefore suggest and propose that the people of all cities and towns of the Union, at their meetings to celebrate the birth of Washington, or at special meetings called for the purpose on the Sunday afternoon next following, or in the meetings of their societies, clubs, churches, social, religious or commercial organizations nearest in time to Washington's birthday, shall embody their

views, each assemblage in its own way, on the following questions:

1. Do we wish the governments of the United States and Great Britain, by formal treaty, to establish arbitration as the method of concluding all differences, which may fail of settlement by diplomacy, between the two powers?

2. What is our opinion of war as a mode of deciding controversies between the United States and Great Britain?

Dr. William C. Gray, 69 Dearborn street, Chicago, and William E. Dodge, 11 Cliff street, New York, will receive the proceedings, which should be sent in duplicate, and arrange them for transmission to the President of the United States and the Queen of England.

We request our newspapers, religious and secular, if this proposal shall appear to them to be good and wise, to give it their santion, and urge the people in all parts of the Union to consecrate this celebration of the birth of Washington to this cause, by taking appropriate action on that day, or upon convenient occasions clustering around it.

Signed: George B. Swift, Norman Williams, Lyman J. Gage, Marshall Field, Philip D. Armour, Potter Palmer, W. T. Baker, Marvin Hughitt, George M. Pullman, Charles B. Farwell, Henry W. King, Cyrus H. McCormick, T. B. Blackstone, A. A. Sprague, John M. Clark, Henry W. Bishop, Franklin McVeigh, A. C. Bartlett, Francis B. Peabody, Lambert Tree, E. G. Keith, R. W. Patterson, Victor F. Lawson, O. W. Nixon, H. H. Kohlsaat, Thomas Kane, William C. Gray.

The Transvaal.

The Transvaal, better known as the South African Republic, in 1890 had an estimated population of 120,000 whites and 561,000 native Africans. Until 1877, the state was independent. From 1877 to 1881, it was wholly under British rule, and from 1881 to the present, partially under the authority of Great Britain.

The Boers, who settled the Transvaal, are the descendants of the old Dutch colonists, who left Cape Colony and Natal when these states were taken by Great Britain. They crossed the Vaal river and took up their abode in a region of country 121,854 square miles—a vast plateau, well watered and wooded and abounding with game.

The exports of the country are cattle, hides, grain, ostrich feathers. The country is also rich in mineral wealth—lead, copper, iron, tin, gold and extensive coal fields. The great disadvantage of the Transvaal arises from the fact that it has no seaboard; the country is surrounded by Portuguese, English and native territory, which compels the Boers to pay heavy import duties to the English on all European goods shipped to the Transvaal, as most of them are landed at Cape Town or Natal.

At one time the Boers entered into a treaty with the Portuguese by which they were to have free transit for their goods through Portuguese territory. The merchandise was to be landed at Delagoa Bay, on the east coast, the boundary line of the Transvaal being only forty miles from this Portuguese city. Unfortuately, the transit of the goods drew the Boers into serious trouble with the independent native chiefs through whose territory they passed on their way from Delagoa Bay to the Transvaal; and this trouble with the natives was the cause of Great Britain's interference, which culminated in the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877.

The year 1880 marks the rising of the Boers against the English, and the defeat of Lord Chalmsford, the British commander. A new treaty was formed, by which the Boers recognized the authority of Great Britain, but controlled their own government. Cecil Rhodes, president of the DeBers Consolidated Mining Co., and until last week premier of Cape Colony, has always declared that the Zambesi river, and not the Orange river, should be the boundary line of the British South African possessions. This, of course, means the annexation of the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and all the native territory north of the Orange river. This was the real purpose for the organizing of the British South African Company, whose charter gave them 600,000 square miles of country and placed in the hands of Cecil Rhodes almost the power of a monarch, to further any ambitious scheme of the colony.

President Krueger, better known as Oom Paul, has been the chief executive of the Transvaal for thirteen years, and is thoroughly familiar with the designs of Rhodes and his adherents. He is a vigorous, independent farmer, and a statesman of the Lincoln type, with good judgment, sound sense, and has on more than one occasion proved himself the equal of British diplomats.

The present trouble is caused, mainly by the refusal of the Boers, to admit foreigners to a hand in the lawmaking, regulating the taxation and the like. The constitution of the Transvaal gives the legislative power of the republic into the hands of two governing bodies. For a resident of the Transvaal to be qualified to vote for a candidate of these bodies, he must be a member of a Protestant church, a resident for two years, the owner of landed property and naturalized. To be elected to one of these bodies, the candidate must be born in the Transvaal, or a resident for fourteen years, a member of a Protestant church and have landed property. This practically shuts out from the legislative power all foreigners, whose money and energy have developed the country in all phases of industry, for the Boers are nearly all farmers and hunters. In other words, the Boers govern the country and the foreigners pay the expenses. At the same time the Boers say, and with some reason, that if they throw the franchise wide open, there would be such an influx of foreigners that in a very few years they would outvote themselves.

From the standpoint of advancing civilization, the Boers cannot continue long as they are; their primitive ideas of life, domestic and political, are bound to be overthrown by the increasing fascination which the richness of the country holds out for foreigners.—*From an Address by Rev. College Pastor of the People's Church of Aurora.*

Discoveries in Pompeii.

The excavations at Pompeii are a continual source of interest. The new system of conservation inaugurated this year makes them doubly important. The last mansion unearthed in the buried city, whose history every one knows so well (or ought to know), has been made the test of these improved methods instituted by the able and excellent directors. Instead of hiding away the statues, pictures, and other movable objects in the Naples Museum, as has previously been the custom, everything has been left in situ, and many objects sufficiently restored to give an idea of their original appearance. The excavation may be said to have begun in August of 1894; but the weather and lack of funds retarded the work. In November the atrium was reached; but during the winter the work progressed slowly, and the last rooms were not unearthed till June, 1895, the labors of restoration, cleaning and preservation not being completed till August, exactly a year from the date when the first layer of earth was removed. The main entrance of the house leads into a street still blocked up with rapilli; it consists of an ostium, or passage, on one side of which sat the janitor, his little division being separated by a partition of wood that has disappeared. Facing his seat is a semi-"religious" picture, only suitable to that barbarous period of Europe's history, and which has now very properly been covered over. There were two great doors in this passage. On the outer wall of the house can be seen the remains of the iron hinge and staple that held the bar across the outer door when the house was locked up and the family had deserted it.

The room on the left of the ostium contains two small and ordinary pictures of the stereotyped kind: one represents Leander swimming across the Hellespont to Hero; the other Perseus in his ship deserting Ariadne. . . . On the opposite wall is a picture of Cephalus and his devoted wife Procris, in the form of a wounded deer, the latter being probably also represented by the woman high in the left of the same painting gazing earnestly at her husband. These pictures are let into the wall, and the prepared stucco on which they were painted was probably first laid on a board, to afford greater facility to the artist, and then, when it had dried, was inserted in the space prepared for it in the stucco on the wall's surface; the brown, yellow, or sometimes black band of paint that usually borders them hides the joining line. In the frieze is seen Leda and the swan, a bacchant with a thyrsus and a bacchante with a tamboureen, while two centaurs appear on the tops of this delicate painting. The garlands painted on the white wall, the architectural studies capped with winged sphinxes, and the cornices of red, white and blue mouldings above and below the frieze, and separating it from the curve of the arched ceiling, add immensly to the appearance of the colors; and this elaborately painted apartment is the more attractive by the amount of brilliant red cinnabar that has been used in its decoration, and that adds considerably to the splendor of the effect.

Beyond this room, at the side of the atrium, is a side passage leading through the kitchen into the little street named by Fiorelli the Vicolo di Mercurio; in it is a staircase. Near its entrance in the atrium are the remnants of a safe, once built and riveted on a foundation of heavy stones. The iron parts are original, but the case of wood on which they are fastened is modern. Near this safe were found a bronze ring and two seals, both of iron, which are preserved in the house of the Administration of Pompeii preparatory to going to the Naples or the local museum. On one of the latter is "A. VETTI. RES. V.," and from this the house is to be called the "Casa di Vetti." On the opposite side of the atrium is another and larger safe, likewise restored. Both safes bear evidence of having been broken to pieces either by those who had dug their way down into the house, or perhaps by thieves under cover of darkness on the very night itself of the destruction of the city, when the mountain's awakened "voice at intervals" was heard roaring "through those roofless halls," and

> Temple and tower went down and left a site:
> Chaos of ruins!

A delicate little gold chain, with pearls and a few coins, besides a bronze seal with the name "P. CRVSTI. FAVSTI," were found in the highest level of earth over the rooms on the right of the atrium; but these objects may have belonged to the owner of another house, and not to the proprietor of the safes

Close to the larger of these latter is the entrance to an irregular shaped room, that contains a lararium, or altar. It stands out from the wall about eight inches, and on its sides rise two columns; between them, painted on the back of the niche sunk in the wall, is the usual picture of two Penates or genii, and a female between them who represents either the Lar or, as some suppose, Vesta; at their feet is the tutelary genius in the form of a serpent, which is the symbol of regeneration, or of new life, accepting the offering of fruit placed before him on a small altar. The colors are wonderfully fresh, the tints are principally red, brown and yellow.

When the garden in the marble-decked peristylium is again green with shrubs, and its beds continually stocked with gay and sweet-scented flowers, the mansion will assume (except in its protecting roofs) an aspect as if the inhabitants had only just deserted it, and the earthquake had only lately taken place.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Responsive Reading.

XII. Selected from Hermes Trismegistos.

BY REV. CARLETON F. BROWN.

When shall I praise Thee, O Father, for it is neither possible to comprehend Thy hour nor Thy time.

Who can bless Thee or give thanks for Thee or to Thee?

Thou art what I am, Thou art what I do, Thou art what I say.

Thou art all things, and there is nothing which Thou art not.

Thou art the Father, who maketh the power that worketh, the good that doeth all things.

Thou art God! Thy man crieth these things unto Thee.

Through me truth shall sing praise unto the Truth, good shall praise the Good.

Providence is divine order; all things in heaven do profit and advantage the things upon earth.

The vision of Good is not like the beams of the sun, whose fiery brightness blinds the eye by excess of light.

The vision of Good enlightens and increases the power of the eye, so that any man can receive its clear intelligence.

Shining steadfastly on and round about the mind, it enlightens all the soul, and changes it into the essence of God.

For it is possible for the soul to be deified by contemplating the beauty of the Good.

The knowledge of Good in a divine silence, and the repose of all the senses.

He who can be truly called Man is a divine being, not to be confused with any brute man, living on earth.

Man is a mortal god; such is the greatness of his nature that while remaining upon the earth, he yet dwelleth above.

SIDNEY LANIER had large faith in God, and was a reverent disciple of the Master, but there grew in him a repugnance to the sectarianism of the churches. He wrote: "I fled in tears from men's ungodly quarrel about God. I fled in tears to the woods, and laid me down on the earth. Then somewhat like the beating of many hearts came up to me out of the ground; and I looked and my cheek lay close to a violet. Then my heart took courage and I said:

"'I know that thou art the word of my God, dear violet;
And oh, the ladder is not long that to my heaven leads.
Measure what space a violet stands above the ground,
'Tis no further climbing that my soul and angels have to do than that.'"—From *Memorial and Poems of Sidney Lanier.*

The Home

"Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—What love begins can only be completed by God.

Mon.—If you are not willing to be the friend of toil, you will be its slave.

Tues.—God is the fulness of heaven, love is the fulness of man.

Wed.—Nothing is so imminent as the impossible, and what must be always foreseen is the unforeseen.

Thurs.—The soul is dilated in misfortune and eventually finds God in it.

Fri.—Flame is hostile to the wing. To burn and yet to fly, this is the miracle of genius.

Sat.—There are people who observe rules of honor as they do the stars, a long way off.

—*Victor Hugo.*

The Child Musician.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas the string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

—Austin Dobson, in *Exchange.*

Two Mowers.

BY MARY KEYES.

It was the golden summer time. The morning breathed sweetness, freshness, life on the day. The sweet waters of the brook tinkled adown the meadow. Meadow-lark and linnet piped and trilled with a merry madness. The meek-eyed cows chewed their cuds in the deep pasture while buxom maids returned from the milking, pails atilt their shoulders. Busy housewives sang at their work and master and man were abroad looking after stock and lands.

Two youths in neighboring fields strode along with scythes slung over their shoulders. They stood like young giants, comely as Jove's own. They 'spied each other and shouted greetings:—

"Good morning, John!"

"Good morning, James!"

"Ready for work?" called John.

"No, I must sharpen my scythe."

"Your scythe? Did you not do that yesterday?"

"Yes; but it's not sharp enough."

"Well, I'm off. Look out that you don't use your blade up with all your sharpening."

So John walked to the field where the wheat waved like a sea of gold in the morning breeze. Right beautiful it was to behold as it rolled away in soft, glistening billows to the horizon. Partly this and partly the song in his heart sent him merily on his way. He bared his strong white arm, raised the scythe bringing it down in a long sweep to the base of the wheat stalks which fell at its touch. All day long he went up and down, up and down, with his song and his scythe, pausing now and then to whet the blade. By night the work was done. The sheaves stood stacked ready to be loaded into the wagons and borne to the great barns. Long after sunset the teams came creeping, creaking home with their burdens.

Passing James' field and seeing the grain still uncut and James apparently doing nothing John cried:—

"What's the matter, James? Scythe not sharpened yet?"

James replied, "I've ruined the blade. Shall have to get a new one tomorrow." And they parted.

During the night the wind rose and the rain and hail pelted down till men felt some fury was abroad. The houses rocked, windows and doors rattled and cracked, the chimneys groaned, the trees lashed themselves in fury; men prayed, the house-dog howled, and the cattle cried in terror.

When morning came James looked upon an utter waste. The field that bowed to every passing breeze but yesterday was flattened to the earth. He turned away. No need for a new scythe now! Only one summer in every year! Only one harvest at its end!

LET us send your friends a sample copy of this paper.

Service.

Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone.
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all;
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.

Somewhere in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.

His shall be no stumbling feet,
Falling where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clew;
Friends shall unto him be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name;

Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night;
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'Tis enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.

—*E. R. Sill.*

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Contributions to the Western Unitarian Conference.

During the present financial year the conference has received contributions from the following societies:

Chicago, All Souls	$200.
Chicago, Third Church	75.

Since May 1, 1895, the secretary has received the following sums from societies for which he has spoken:

Centerville, Ia.	$ 10.
Kalamazoo, Mich	5.
La Porte, Ind	50.50
Grand Haven, Mich	20.
Eau Claire, Wis	4.40
Geneva, Ill	10.
Ida Grove, Ia	12.50
Sterling, Ill	6.45
Janesville, Wis	2.75
Evanston, Ill	3.06

Chicago.

All the ministers of the city are requested to attend a conference of the Civic Federation to discuss some plans proposed by the Moral and Philanthropic Committees of the Civic Federation for bettering the condition of Chicago, said conference to be held Monday, February 17, at Lecture Hall, Y. M. C. A. Bldg., at 2 P. M.

AT Sinai Temple, corner Indiana Ave. and Twenty-first St., in the absence of Dr. Hirsch, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones will occupy the pulpit. The subject of his lecture will be "Abraham Lincoln from the Log Cabin to the President's Chair." Services begin at 10:30 o'clock.

Manistee, Mich.

A NEW UNITY club has recently been organized in this city and has started with the following interesting program: Our National Duty to Cuba; Progress in the Electrical World; Venezuelan Boundary dispute; Influence of Art on Civilization; Germany *vs.* Great Britain in the Transvaal; Socialism,—its virtues and defects; A Century of Civilization—Our Country's Progress from 1796 to 1896; International Arbitration; Legal Status of Woman Suffrage; True and False Methods of Charity; Ibsen as the Exponent of Realism in Literature.

Princeton, Ill.

At the request of various members of his association Rev. Putnam, of the Peoples' society, delivered a series of lectures to his Sunday-school class, last summer, on two subjects: "The Creation" and "The Origin of Life and the Differentiation of Species." Mr. Putnam is not only a scholarly man, but also a hard, persistent and painstaking student and his lectures were listened to with ever increasing interest by a large circle of studious men and women. Many of these have expressed regret that they did not have the lectures in permanent and fixed form that they might give them the thought and study they desired to, and many who did not hear them or heard them only in part, have expressed the same wish. Believing they would interest the thinking men and women who read the *Tribune*, as they contain the results of the studies, the discoveries and the concentrated thought of the world's greatest scientists, the *Tribune* has arranged with Dr. Putnam for their publication, just as soon as they can be rearranged in chapters of suitable and readable length—say from one and one-half to two columns for each week.—*Bureau Co. Tribune.*

Westville, Ill.

Rev. C. F. Elliott recently spoke in this little place to an audience that filled the hall to the doors, and so much interest was manifested that it was resolved to get the course of liberal lectures delivered here if possible.

The Sunday School.

The World Is Saved by the Breath of the School Children.

W. U. S. S. Society.

The February meeting of the directors of the W. U. S. S. Society was held Tuesday, the 4th, with Mr. Gould presiding; present Messrs. Jones, Bulkley and Scheible, Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Leonard.

Reports of secretary and treasurer were read, the latter showing its last month's deficiency to be diminished about $50.

The "Six Years' Course of Study," now closing its last season, came under discussion. The fourth series, by W. W. Fenn, "The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion," had just appeared in pamphlet form, being the bound lesson leaves used for that series. It was advised that the society apply itself at once to perfecting each series in the course and adapting it in the best way possible to the use of schools starting in with the course next year. "Beginnings," now in book form, will be supplied in lesson leaves if the demand makes it desirable, and the other series yet unbound will be put into book form as fast as possible.

The annual meeting of the society, to be held during the May anniversaries, was considered and a committee appointed: Mr. Bulkley, Mrs. Perkins and Mr. Scheible,—to arrange a program, and to confer with the committee for the W. U. Conference through Mr. Gould as to the time to be set apart for it.

E. T. LEONARD,
Secretary.

The Study Table

Reform in Magazines.

The February *Forum* is one of the most remarkable numbers—if not the best number of that magazine ever issued. There is a positive aggressiveness about it that, if carried out, will give a character to the *Forum* that it never had under some of its editors. Charles Eliot Norton gives a critical review of the aspects of civilization in America that ought to be published as a separate monograph, and read in every family in America. "To deny or undervalue the forces ranged against civilization is to increase their power. The appeal to every reflecting and worthy citizen of the United States to do his part in the work of securing the safety and progress of the Republic is direct, is urgent."

In other words, the new editor of this magazine has turned to a new class of men who have either been shut out from our "high class" journals, or have been passed by for a more sensational class—men of intense earnestness. We hardly are through rejoicing over the words of Professor Norton when we turn to an article by Professor Laughlin on "Our Monetary Programme," that makes a revolution in the method of discussing our financial measures. To say that it is an article on public morals would not be far drawn. It is high time that the business of tampering with questions quite beyond their ability to measure, by average political congressmen, should be ended. Legislation hereafter will pass into the hands of experts. We mean that laws concerning finance should be originated and shaped by financiers; those concerning education should and must be originated and controlled by educators; those that pertain to agriculture should be framed or inspired by agriculturists.

"The Stage from a Clergyman's Standpoint," by Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, is equally charged with critical moral purport. It is not twaddle about the evils associated with the stage; but it is a serious discussion of the tendencies of acting in our times. "Notable Sanitary Experiments" in Massachusetts is

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From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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equally characterful for its careful and brilliant sociological work. Bacteriology has of late done no work of greater value than the investigation of the polution of our water streams, and the proper disposal of sewage. Such an article also deserves to be spread abroad in the form of a monograph. It will save the lives of thousands. "Sanitary Salvation" is justly applied to the subject. We have happily got by the era when soul-saving for a future world satisfies the conscience.

But for able writing charged with intense moral purport we turn finally to "The Venezuela Crisis." The country is flooded with literature on the Monroe Doctrine; most of it crude and nonsensical, not to say ignorant and criminal. They breathe a reckless patriotism, with honesty and justice omitted. But the *Forum* has given us an article from Theodore S. Woolsey, former president of Yale, that is the most delicious bit of trenchant criticism that we have seen for a generation on this subject, or any other. It reminds us of Macaulay and Sydney Smith and Jeffreys and the old Edinburgh *Review*. The only advantage however is in favor of Dr. Woolsey. If you wish to see a man handled with utter courtesy and refinement, and yet shown up to have been talking about what he knew nothing about, and talking very foolishly at that, read "The President's Monroe Doctrine." Take this sample sentence from the message,—"There is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, be neath which are shielded and defended a peoples safety and greatness." To which President Woolsey responds: "Here is a complete mixing up of two persons: the one submitting to injustice,—namely Venezuela; and the other losing its self-respect,—that is ourselves. Or does the president mean that we have a divine mission to follow Great Britain, or any other state, around and check its aggressions? Does he mean that we are knights errant, in search of wrongs to right, or injustice to repel, under penalty of losing our safety and greatness? Whichever version we may adopt,—whether we merge our individuality in that of Venezuela, or tilt at the windmills like Don Quixote,—it may be questioned if our safety and greatness are thus best preserved." The whole article is a powerful argument against national combativeness, and in favor of that spirit which, in private life, has abolished dueling and nullying against dreams of republican imperialism, where our will on this hemisphere shall become our only law.

If our magazines will give up the effort to "sell themselves" on the score of feeble contributions from "distinguished" men, and give us numbers full of high intellectual power and moral purport, they will not lose financially.

E. P. P.

RECONSTRUCTION DURING THE CIVIL WAR. By Eben Greenough Scott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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THE February *St. Nicholas* opens with a little poem by Charles Lee, based upon a true incident in the life of Washington. Much has been heard of the Gibson girl, and Christine Terhune Herrick gives an interesting glimpse of the "Gibson Boy." When the distinguished illustrator was a little boy, eight or ten years of age, he amused himself by cutting out silhouettes from paper with scissors. A number of these were saved by his friends, and they are reproduced to illustrate Mrs. Herrick's article. They show a remarkable degree of skill and of art instinct, especially when it is considered that they were done rapidly and without the least instruction. "When the Leaves are Gone," by Edith M. Thomas, is a bit of woodland lore. Undoubtedly the most important feature of the number is the final selection of letters written from Samoa by Robert Louis Stevenson to his ward, Austin Strong. The serials carry along the interest of their readers with new chapters.

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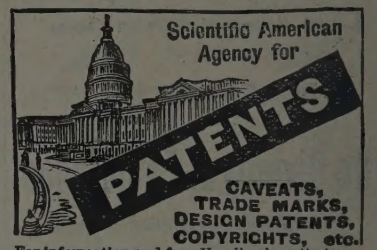

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England, the most important name subscribed being that of Cardinal Manning. Catholics were allowed a little liberty owing to the world-wide power of the Catholic Church and the personal influence of Leo XIII.

At the accession of the present Czar it was thought that a little more latitude would be allowed to creeds differing from the State Church. But all hopes are disappointed and the Catholics of Russia are today the victims of studied and systematic persecution. It would seem to be the object of Nicholas II. and the Holy Synod—all whose members are his choice—to utterly wipe out every faith except the orthodox.

The condemnation to exile in Siberia of twenty-four Catholic priests who were altogether innocent of any act of treason against the Government was a bad omen at the beginning of the reign of Nicholas. Since then, however, he has pardoned many participators in a so-called rebellion at Kroze. This disturbance arose out of the resistance of Catholic peasants to the closing of a Church and the removal of the blessed sacrament from the altar. An army of Cossacks was sent to reduce them to order and the result was that a number of peasants and women were killed.

Nor do members of the Greek Church called Uniats, not in communion with the Greek Orthodox Church, fare any better. All of these who were exiled and scattered during the reign of the late Czar petitioned Nicholas on his accession for permission to return to their homes. However, nothing came of the petition except arrest for those who had the hardihood to present it to the Czar in person.—*Freeman's Journal.*

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Gold is commonly considered the most valuable of metals, because it is the most precious of the metals produced in sufficient quantity to be in common use. There are, however, several rare metals that are much more valuable than gold. Gallium, for example, is quoted in the market at three thousand dollars an ounce avoirdupois. Traces of it occur in some zinc ores, tons of which must be worked over in order to obtain a trifling quantity. Gallium is a very remarkable substance. At the ordinary summer temperature of 86° F., it becomes liquid like mercury. The latter becomes solid at 39° below zero. Most costly of all metals, save only gallium, is germanium, which is quoted at eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars per ounce. Rhodium is worth one hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents an ounce; ruthenium, ninety dollars an ounce; osmium twenty-six dollars an ounce, and palladium, twenty-four dollars an ounce. The last is about equal in value to gold. These metals are of no great commercial importance. Most of them are mere curiosities of the laboratory, having been discovered originally by accident, incidental to the analysis of ores. It has been suggested that some of them might be coined; but the supply of them is too uncertain. Iridium is utilized to some extent for making instruments of delicacy which must have the property of not corroding. It is obtained from "iridosmin," a natural alloy of iridium, osmium, rhodium, platinum and ruthenium. This extraordinary mixture of rare metals is white. Much of it is found in washing for gold in the beach sands of Oregon. It resists the action of al single acids. Its only important use is for tipping gold pens

Red Sea Miracle.

Major-General Tulloch has just published in London a report which substantiates the biblical story that the Jews escaped across the Red Sea dry-shod. Major-General Tulloch for the last year has been making governmental surveys for Great Britain in that part of Egypt where the Hebrew children accomplished their famous journey. In his published statement, the major-general says that in the spring of this year he was engaged in surveying the borders of Lake Menzaleh, on the Red Sea. On one occasion a sudden and violent windstorm arose, the force of which was so prodigious as to carry everything before it, including incidentally the water of the lake. In a few hours the whole body of water had been abducted, and naught remained save vessels, mud and sand. The vessels moored in the lake were stranded high and dry, with no water in sight. This is possibly what occurred in the days of Moses. It gives new interest to that famous history wherein is set forth the triumphant flight of the captives dry-shod through the way of the waters, whose returning flood destroyed their oppressors. An examination of the various routes over one or another of which the fleeing Hebrews took their way has demonstrated the fact that in many places they could have managed to cross the sea under favorable natural conditions.—*Information.*

The Rats of Paris.

Lord Playfair has contributed to a foreign publication an article entitled "Waste Products Made Useful," in which he mentions many curious and interesting facts, but none more curious than the one here given. "Of all living things rats seem to be among the most repulsive; and when dead what can be their use? But even they are the subjects of production in industrial arts. In Paris there is a pond surrounded by walls into which all dead carcasses are thrown. A large colony of rats has been introduced from the catacombs. The rats are most useful in clearing the flesh from the bones, leaving a clean-polished skeleton fitted for the makers of phosphorus, At the base of the wall numerous shallow holes are scooped out just sufficient to contain the bodies of the rats but not their tails. Every three months a great battle takes place during which the terrified rats run into the holes. Persons go round, and catching the extended tails pitch the rats into bags, and they are killed at leisure. Then begins manufacture. The fur is valuable and finds a ready sale. The skins make a superior glove—the *gant de rat*—and are specially used for the thumbs of kid gloves because

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MAJORITIES seldom have a conviction. Most persons seem to think that if they belong to a majority they are convinced of some great truth. But very few persons have ever taken pains to know just why they follow a multitude. Dr. Johnson said that "the majority have no other reason for their opinions than that they are the fashion." And, to them, this usually is reason enough. But following majorities blindly is a dangerous business. Joshua advised the Israelites to choose whom they would serve only after looking candidly at the question. If it seemed evil to them to serve the Lord, they must act accordingly. They had a duty to be convinced and to believe something. They had been forbidden, through Moses, to "follow a multitude to do evil." "One man of you shall chase a thousand," said Joshua. Gideon's little band was stronger than the host of Midian. Believe something whether the majority believe it or not.—*Sunday School Times.*

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